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# Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 1906

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## The Storm at Sea.

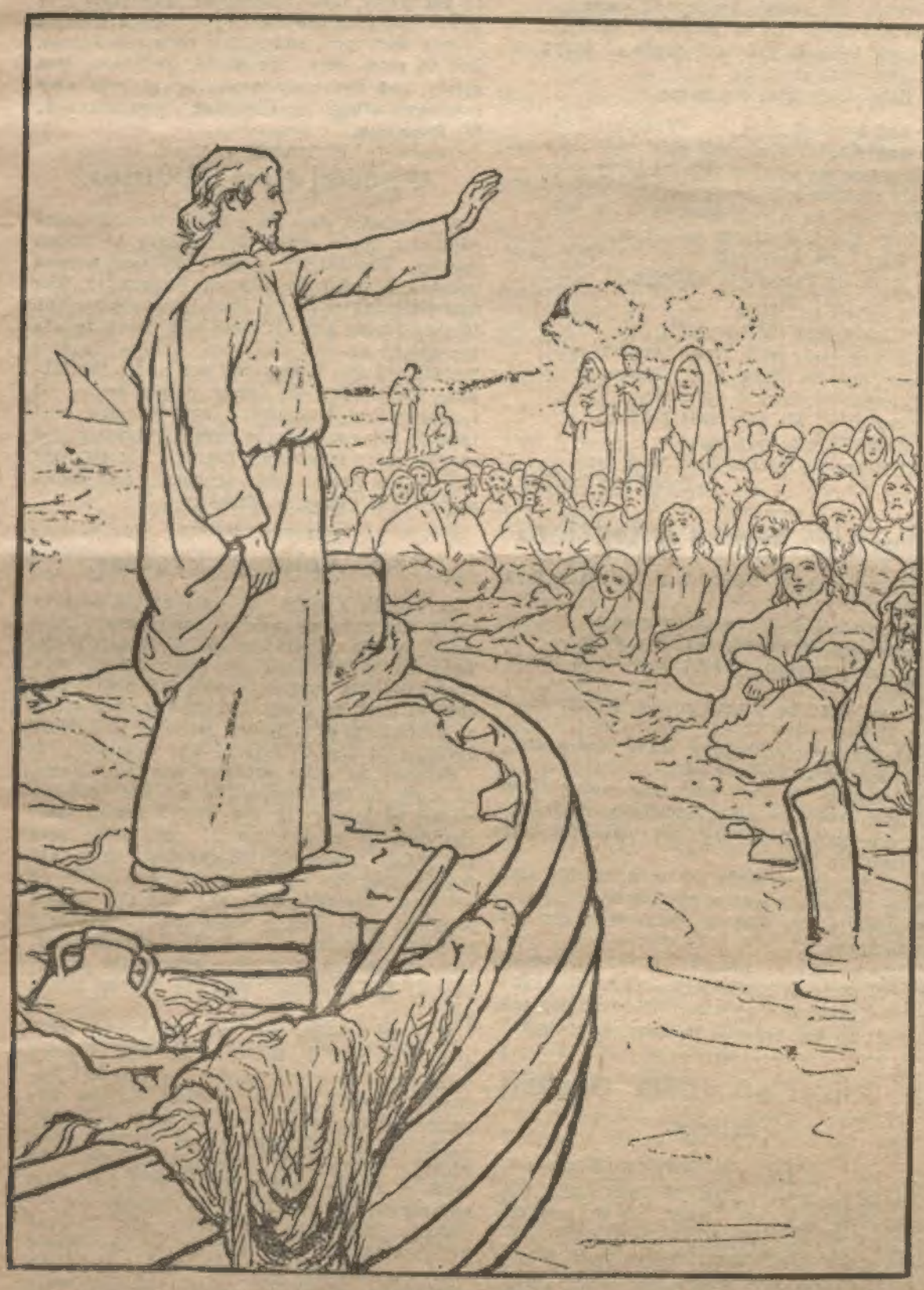
Often the scribes and Pharisees followed Jesus where He went, not because they loved Him, but because they wished to find fault with His teaching, and accuse Him before the people, for they were jealous of Him. At one time they even dared to take up stones to stone Him.

But no matter what they said of Jesus, the people still believed in their beloved Teacher, and came in crowds to hear Him. Down by the sea shore they would crowd around him, until they shut him in, and only a few could see Him and hear His voice. Then He would get the fishermen to push one of the boats lying on the beach a little way into the water and standing on it, He could look down and see everyone who was listening to Him, and they could look straight into His loving face.

Standing in such a boat, looking at such a multitude, and past them to the gardens and fields beyond, He told the parable of the sower and the seed which fell; some on stony ground, some by the wayside, some among thorns, and some on good ground.

Some of that multitude hardened their hearts against the loving message, others there were who went from the gathering with their hearts full of a new spirit that in after years bore fruits of loving service and courageous suffering for the Master.

We who cannot see Him as they did can still hearken to his voice, and as surely as they refused to hear or heard gladly, so surely must we make a definite decision. If we will not bear fruit for Christ we must be whether we will it or not, worse than useless, cumberers of the ground.—From 'Footsteps of the Master.'



'SOMETIMES HE WOULD PREACH TO THEM ON THE SEA-SHORE.'

## The Draught at Mount Hermon.

(W. E. Cule, in the 'Baptist Commonwealth.')

There was no doubt about the fact that Mount Hermon was a chilly church. People who said so did not usually think of draughts, but of the social and spiritual atmosphere. The chapel building was very small, with seats of the old-fashioned, straight-backed variety, and the walls had been colored with the coldest kind of coloring. In the Big Seat you would find two or three deacons for whom 'old-fashioned' and 'straight-backed' would be the mildest adjectives that could suggest themselves. They were men of the small farmer class, with lives and ways alike as hard as nails, and with no thought of advance. If they had been asked, at the end of a forty years' diaconate, 'Stands Mount Hermon where it did?' They would have been proud to be able to reply, 'It does!'

When health-seeking people discovered the village and began to flow in year by year, and when the population increased and new houses were built, one might have expected a change. But twelve years had passed without it, and the thirteenth was coming. Newcomers dropped in and the collections improved a little; but the same person did not continue to come and come again. They said that after two circles Mount Hermon was altogether too stiff and cold for them; so the little chapel remained chilly and half empty, while those who might have filled it went to other places.

Such was the condition of things when Ernest Barnes undertook the pastorate. That was in April, just when the earliest of the annual visitors had begun to arrive. Mount Hermon had had pastors before, but only for a time. Young men from college had been willing to take it as a first charge, but had always accepted the next call afterwards, and had gone away with their enthusiasms chilled and with a life-lasting impression of the cold church and its straight-backed officers. There was no better prospect for the latest comer, and the chief question with the villagers was, 'How long will he stay?' In a couple of weeks he began to ask the same question himself.

He was a pale young man, with a thin face and reflective eyes—sleepy eyes, the deacons called them. He had failed to distinguish himself at college, and his course had closed with nothing better than a call from Mount Hermon. But he was sensitive, and the atmosphere found him at once. On the third Sunday, as he took his place in the pulpit, he looked around somewhat dolefully. The morning was raw, and not a single stranger had turned in. The deacons were there, and the whole place seemed as cold as they and as cheerless as the morning. 'What can I do?' he asked of himself. And there was no answer.

When he had given out the first hymn, he looked around again in the same way. It was then that he saw the door at the end of the left aisle open slowly. It opened for three or four inches, and then it closed again.

The pastor was disappointed. He had ex-

pected the entry of a worshipper, and the door had moved just as though a hand were behind it. But there was nothing but a Draught, after all, and he presently went on with the reading.

During the service, however, his attention was drawn again and again to the door. At intervals it opened slowly and silently; and each time the impression grew upon him that it was moved by an invisible hand. It seemed to him, also, that at each opening a cold breath floated in, and moved across the empty pews in the vicinity. The chilly congregation did not observe it, but there it certainly was.

After the service was over, he went straight to that door. Then he saw that it was a door that did not fit—that it had never been made to fit.

'This door is a bad one!' he said, with decision.

'Yes,' agreed one of the hard farmers. 'It always was. It was made by a bad workman and a bad lot—old Smith.'

'Ho!' said the pastor. 'I see. But it causes a Draught.'

'Does it?' said the farmer.

There was a pause. Then the minister said that a Draught was a very unpleasant thing; and the Deacon, who was also church secretary, smiled, and said that after all it was only a trifle. People were a good deal too tender in these days. Then the Deacon who was church treasurer said it would cost a lot to get a new door, and it was certainly not worth while now to tinker with the old one. Later on, perhaps,—And then they all went home to dinner.

The pastor did the same, but he did not leave the matter there. Somehow he could not. He had asked for something to do, and in the same moment this had offered itself. It was not the kind of thing he had thought of, but it was something tangible; and 'Do the next thing' was one of his simple mottoes. Then there was the impression he had received at the opening of the door—the invisible hand, the puff of a chilly breath in the little chapel. This last was a singularly strong argument to one whose quiet eye sometimes saw visions.

It was thus that the thing came to pass. During the evening service he made the same observations with regard to the Draught, and his curious fancy was only strengthened. On the Monday he obtained the keys, and went to a carpenter who had the name of being a good man and a good workman. He took this man to Mount Hermon, and they viewed the mysterious door together. It was too far gone, the tradesman agreed, to be tinkered with; the church treasurer had been right there. But he could make a new door. It would cost about—

The pastor hesitated then. It was more than the amount of his salary for a week. But now the idea of battle was upon him, and he did not hesitate long. He gave the commission and it was taken.

The door was to be ready in ten days. On the next Sunday he stood in his pulpit again, and once more saw the silent door open and close, once more felt the passing of a chilly breath. But he could smile at it now, in the manner of one who had accepted a challenge, and would strike in his own good time. On the Thursday, prompt to the engagement, he went to see his carpenter.

The good workman was ready. The door had been finished and painted, and was fit for hanging. The pastor touched it approvingly.

'You're sure this will keep him out?' he said, in a somewhat absent manner.

'Him, sir?' asked the carpenter.

'I mean the Draught,' said Mr. Barnes.

'Oh, yes, sir. It will fit like a glove, I'll warrant you. I'm going to hang it as soon as I can get someone to carry it up with me.'

Then the pastor, so to speak, took off his coat to the battle. 'Let me help you,' he said, suddenly, 'and come now!'

The carpenter demurred, but his customer was firm; so presently the village saw the spectacle of the workman and the minister carrying a newly-painted door through the staring streets. Yet they fancied that the little man looked triumphant rather than ashamed. The carpenter's boy followed with his father's tools. Other people followed also—idlers and children; so that when the door came to be hung there was quite a little fringe of witnesses.

Hung it was, and it truly fitted like a glove. When it was closed it was closed, and only a human hand could open it. Mr. Barnes tested it again and again.

'Yes,' he said, thoughtfully; 'I think this will settle him.' And as they went away the carpenter wondered why his customer should persistently speak of Draught as 'him.' Perhaps it was the custom in Mr. Barnes' country!

(To be continued.)

## Christ's Dominion.

From sea to sea
Shall his dominion be,
According to the promise written;
And he, in scorn and insult smitten,
Shall hear the welcome salutations
Of long-oppressed and weary nations;
And he shall rule,
Star crowned and beautiful.

He shall come down,
As on the grass new mown
The rain descendeth from the spaces,
Renewing all earth's tribes and races
With his sweet life of love and beauty,
Through faith in him and deeds of duty;
And thus shall he
Hold sway from sea to sea.

And he shall live;
And men to him shall give
Their treasures as they tell the story
Of his renown and rising glory;
And it shall be a rich oblation
To him, the lord of our salvation,
Who from his pain
Went up henceforth to reign.

He shall not fail;
His kingdom shall prevail;
His armies come with royal banners,
Oppressions die 'mid their hosannas;
His chariot is onward speeding,
The cry of all his poor ones heeding.
Great Prince, ride on
Till thou all lands hast won!

—Dwight Williams.

## Brevities Worth Attention.

God often says 'wait,' but He never says 'worry.'

A prayerless day is a perilous day.

Employers should pay as they pray.

An ounce of good conduct is worth a ton of emotion.

If you can't be a sun in the church, don't be a cloud.

The Master's work may make weary feet, but it leaves the spirit glad.

A busybody is one who fools away time, and goes about stealing somebody else's.

If you cannot have the best, make the best of what you have.

Don't be discouraged; it is often the last key on the bunch that opens the lock.

Frequently the first to shout war, are the last to enlist.

'There is not a thought in a hogshead of beer. Nothing of merit was ever written under the inspiration of beer. It stupefies, and its effect on the brain is to stagnate thought.'

## The Victorian India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Our latest reports received from India tell of the deep spiritual work of the revival spoken of in our last article still being continued at the Orphanage; special daily meetings for prayer and praise principally, were still being held, in which the interest, great as it had been, seemed to be deepening, and as it aroused the attention of the heathen around they were beginning to make enquiries and to take more interest in the missionaries' work. Definite results are already visible in the changed lives of many of the children, and the missionaries hope and trust that this is only the firstfruits of the harvest to follow.

One poor girl who was tempted to run away from the Orphanage last year, and though diligently sought for, could not be found, has recently returned of her own accord deeply repentant, and asked to be taken in again.

About 100 children are now being cared for, but there are others, helpless, neglected, homeless mites whom the missionaries long to be able to rescue. $18 a year pays for the entire support of a child, including the membership of the Society ($1 a year). Surely some readers would like to help in this work for the Master which, during the nine years of its existence, has accomplished so much, and is just now receiving a very special blessing from our Father. Already Christian homes are beginning to spring up, the result of the loving Christian training given to the famine waifs in the Orphanage, and soon we trust qualified Christian workers will be leaving its sheltering walls. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' Information regarding this work can be obtained from the Sec.-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg.

To believe that what is truest in you is true for all; to abide by that, certain that, while you stand firm, the world will come round to you—that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions; nor is it difficult to mix with men, and follow their convictions. But to enter into the world, and there live firmly and fearlessly according to your own conscience—that is Christian greatness.—F. W. Robertson.

## A Social Five Minutes.

A successful class in a small New England church is made up of some dozen or fifteen women. The teacher is not a brilliant woman nor one of unusually winning personality. The first five minutes of the lesson hour are devoted to introducing any stranger and inquiring after absent or sick members; a little fund is maintained for flowers and fruits for the latter. Then when the lesson proper begins all formality has disappeared, and the give and take of ideas makes the hour stimulating and suggestive to an unusual degree. The stranger within the gates feels at home and comes again.—The 'Pilgrim Teacher.'

## The Welding Process.

It will be a work of time at the best to unify the heterogeneous elements that now make up the population of our Great West. That is, however, all the more reason why every possible means should be used, and used at once, to foster the growth of a spirit of patriotism, of a proper national pride and devotion to the welfare of our Dominion.

Perhaps no other measure has contributed so much to the absorption of the various classes of settlers in the United States than the definite introduction of such effort into the public schools of the country. It is not merely that the rising generation is taken at its most impressionable age, but the school, forming, as it does, a most important centre in new communities, sends its influences out into the homes, and thus affects the members of the household who are beyond school age.

We, in Canada, are only beginning work along this line. It should be the aim of every trustee and of every teacher, to see that national holidays are not allowed to pass unnoticed at the schools, and to make their observation as enthusiastic as circumstances permit. Particularly should every effort be made to supply each school with a good flag, and means for hoisting it on appropriate occasions. Much, too, can undoubtedly be done by encouraging the display of the Maple Leaf, our national emblem, whether it be the school-room decorations, or in the form that appeals so readily to the juvenile mind, that of pins and badges. These things may seem in themselves small matters, but it is beyond question that such measures as these, unceasingly fostered, will work wonders in helping forward the day when the people of our Dominion, however they may cherish the thought of the Fatherland whence they have come, will be proud to say from the heart, 'We are Canadians.'

To assist every patroitic effort of this kind we have arranged to place fine quality Maple Leaf Brooches and stick pins, and also good bunting flags, within the reach of every one. Do not fail to read our advertisement about these and to act promptly.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Lonesome Dog.

(Annie Willis McCullough, in 'St. Nicholas.')

When I am feeling tired, and would like to take a nap,
I wish I was a kitten snuggling down in someone's lap:
I wish I might grow smaller, 'cause I frighten people so;
I am a kind and gentle dog, but that they do not know.

The other dogs are 'fraid of me, and will not come and play,
And almost every child is scared, and starts to run away;
They never let me romp with them, no matter how I coax,
Oh, dear, it's very lonesome being bigger than your folks!

## Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

'You don't owe me nothin', as I knows of. You gave me a werry good dinner, and I've had an uncommon nice time. I guess we're square. That you, Rod? You've been dinin' with quality, I reckon? Well, you are a high-flier, and no mistake. Come along, now; the perfessor will be looking for us. There's one good thing about you, you never get stuck up with attentions give to you.'

Having thus craftily conveyed to by-standers a proper notion of Rodney, and the company he kept, Rasmus escorted his ward up the hill.

As they were about making their evening meal, a middle-aged man, who looked like a traveller, came by. Rasmus was the soul of hospitality and good fellowship. He had himself often been lonely, and sometimes hungry, on his rambles, and he could not forget those experiences. At once he hailed the stranger, as one would hail a ship at sea—few speaking-trumpets, in fact, would have got the better of Rasmus in a noisy contest. Mr. Llewellyn frequently observed to him, that in the days of town-criers he would have made lasting renown; and now that those functionaries were discarded, he need never go hungry while there were auctioneers in want of assistants.

'Hillo, brother!' cried Rasmus. 'How's the world goin' with you?'

'It's turning round, as usual,' said the stranger.

'Would it go against your grain any, to sit down and have supper with us? We ain't proud, and a singed herring, a brown loaf, and a pot of coffee makes a very good spread, in my notion.'

The stranger looked about hastily, as Rasmus made the proffer, to see if it were seconded. There was a certain delicacy in the glance, as if he did not wish to intrude, that hinted of former better circumstances, though evidently here was one on the down grade. Mr. Llewellyn waved his hand toward a place, and Rod moved a little to make room. The stranger sat on the grass by them.

'Seems to me I saw you selling lemonade down yonder,' he suggested to Rasmus, as they waited for the coffee to boil, and the herrings to singe on a little bed of green sticks before the coals.

'And seems to me, you asked me for suthin' stronger than lemonade, and I remarked to you, that that wasn't my style.'

'Just so,' said the stranger, 'and nothing stronger did I get. It seems, there's a kind of local-option round here, and also liquor is prohibited round this camp, while it's here. Dry word that.'

'There's some things,' said Rasmus, 'that the more you drinks of 'em, the drier you gets. I think I heard you singing, down yonder, and a very proper voice you had.'

'Yes, I sang. I pick up a little living that way. So far, I pay my way, though sometimes it is poor pay, and a poor way. Not having had any of the strong waters you objected to, I'm in rather a melancholy mood tonight, but I won't give way to it. That's a very fair supper cooking there, and while it cooks, I'll sing you a song for my share of it. It is a new song, just out from England. I observe in the midland counties they like sea songs, and on the coast they are better pleased to hear about the mountains, and "when the kye come home," and so on. This is a new song called—

'"Captain Alexander Hill."

'"Come all you jolly seamen and landsmen likewise,
Come listen to my story, 'twill put you in surprise,
It's of a sloop, a voyage took, from Ireland to England—
Our sloop being new, I'll tell you true, belonged to fair Scotland.

'"We had a pleasant sailing breeze, till the sixth hour that night,
When a dreadful storm it did arise, and put us in a fright.
The seas they ran like mountains high, and our sloop it ran,
The captain cries, 'My brave boys, let's cut for the Isle of Man.'

'"Our captain cries, 'Let us run for Ross, and try the raging main';
But we had no water to get in, which did increase our pain.
We heaved out our anchor, to wait upon the tide—
But oh, and alas, my brave boys! our ship it would not ride."

Mr. Llewellyn had sat looking fixedly at the ground. He now raised his eyes, and said abruptly, 'You sang better than that once, and better songs.'

'No doubt,' said the man, uneasily.

'You started out in life to be one of the leading tenor voices of the day; you were—'

'Don't say it! Let the name, at least, lie in peace!' cried the man, holding out his hand. 'Now I am Tom Rowley, and my past is dead and buried. How did you find me out?'

'I love a good voice, and going to hear great singers has been one of my few luxuries. I heard you sing with—shall I say whom?'

'No; let it drop! When I think of what I was, and now a mere strolling roadside singer!'

'I though you had one of the noblest tenor voices I ever heard; there were notes in it I could not forget. And to-night I caught the echo of such tones again, and I set myself to associating those tones with my past, and so, stop by step, as you sang, I went back to where I had heard you, and to whom you were.'

'Yes; you are right. And this is all that's left of me—a couple of shirts, a patched shoe, a few dimes in my pocket, a fugitive and a vagabond upon the face of the earth; and yet, though I have Cain's fate, I have not sinned Cain's sin.'

'What has done it?' asked Mr. Llewellyn.

'Whiskey did it,' said the ex-tenor, bitterly.

Here Rasmus announced supper. He had laid the herring on a clean plate that Rodney had woven out of oak-leaves, put the broken loaf into a basket that he had himself whiled away an afternoon hour in plaiting from rushes; the sugar was in the cups, and the coffee was steaming and fragrant. The eating put an end to conversation for a while. But the words of Mr. Llewellyn had recalled the past, and the singer reverted to his former life. He must discuss his fate, although he concealed his name. They were all sitting under the trees, watching the glories of the sunset, and the sifting of the light through the leaves.

'Yes, whiskey did it,' he said, mournfully.

'But I thought that strong drinks were of the things that singers, for the sake of their art, must eschew?'

'So they ought; but the passion for drink became by degrees stronger than devotion to music. Other people warned me. I knew myself where I was going. I knew what I might be, sober—what I would be drunken; but wine and brandy had their fascination for me. I drank, though I knew every cup stole something from the purity, sweetness, and strength of song.'

'And if it had not, if to all outward sound the notes had remained the same, yet, prostrate as a slave under the feet of strong drink, your song would have lost the grand element of rightness, it would have been no true song. Do you not know that in all art, whether music, statuary, painting, we must have rightness, the true and honest soul expressing itself, or the art is worthless, and will never aid in lifting up men? We must have truth in ourselves, or we shall have no mission in any art, and the result of all our efforts will be to deprave.'

'I have been most unfortunate,' said the singer, gloomily; 'fate has been against me.'

'Let me answer you in the words of Carlyle, "No man oppresses thee, oh, free and independent franchiser, but does not this stupid pewter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee go or come, but this absurd pot of 'heavy wet' can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and of this accursed dish of liquor, and thou platest of thy liberty! Thou entire blockhead."'

'That's good,' said Rasmus, with serene approbation, 'very good. I don't believe I could have said anything better myself. Do you, Rod?'

But Rod went into his fits of laughter, which were frequently induced by the naive vanity of Rasmus, and laughed till he went rolling down the green grass of the hill.

'What's the matter of that boy, now?' demanded Rasmus, with the greatest interest, of Mr. Llewellyn.

Unable to get any explanation as to the conduct of Rodney, Rasmus took the part of mentor to the tenor-singer. 'I say, what seems wrong with you is, you haven't sand enough in you—grit, mortar, I mean; if you knowed that drinking would spoil your singing, you shouldn't ought to drink. Seeing you know it now, you'd ought never to take another drop.'

'It's too late to get back my voice, now; it's gone.'

'Well, 'tain't too late to be a honest man, is it? Seems to me that's some account,' said Rasmus.

'See here,' said the singer, taking a round boulder, and giving it a gentle impetus on the shoulder of the hill. It rolled along, as if uncertain whether to go on or stop, then it came to a steeper curve, and gathered swiftness of descent, then on faster, then whirling along the sharp declivity, then it leaped from jut to jut, and spun out of sight, and was lost with a crash in the gorge below.

'Behold me and my fate,' said the tenor, 'it is on the down grade, darkness and loss await it. So for me. I began on the down grade slowly, but then I went faster and faster, and now I shall never stop till I am lost forever to the light of day.'

Mr. Llewellyn offered him the shelter of their cabin for the night, and a share of breakfast in the morning. It rained in the night, and was cloudy and dark, but with dawn Nature rewrought her divine alchemy, and turned all things to gold in the crucible of the sunrise, and in that blaze of splendor they parted with the man on the 'down grade.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Questions and Answers.

'Look down there,' said Rodney, waving his hand toward a village in the valley, 'there is a funeral.'

They saw beneath them the village, with its white houses, its long, straight street, the church in the centre, with the white spire pointing to the sky. Beside the church was the graveyard, a small green field, sown with white or gray headstones, in the centre a column taller than the others, marking the resting-place of some rural magnate. Toward this graveyard a funeral was moving, while the church-bell, slowly tolled, kept time with the mourners' steps. From the distance there was no sound or motion in the hamlet, except those connected with the funeral.

'I don't see why everything has got to come to an end by dying,' said Rasmus, with great

dissatisfaction; 'why can't everybody get about old enough to be strong and comfortable, say as old as I am, and stay that way? The flowers are as beautiful as flowers can be, why need they fade for other flowers to come? Why must the birds die, just to make room for other birds, and why need winters come after summers? I hate winters, and I hate death, and why must they be?'

'You wish to judge the ways of God, not to merely accept them. That is what all we humans are too fond of doing, whether great or small, wise or ignorant. But can you not put a why at the other end of the chain of events? Why is there life? Why are men born? Are you sure that anything dies, or only sure that it dies? When the summer drinks up the water in a pond, has it gone or only changed its place? The leaves and flowers fade, and fall, and perish, we say in the ground, but the earth is a great laboratory, where everything is renewed, and the leaf, dead and decayed, rises again into the light and air in the tissue of other leaves. Nothing is lost in God's economy; all serves its end, destined from the beginning in the thought of God. Man taken out of this world is but born into another world, where he exists forever, and in this world he does not perish in his influence; in his word, work, example, for good or evil, he lives on.'

'It seems as if more good could be done by living right than by getting out of the world,' said Rasmus.

'You feel so now; but the older you grow the less you will like the prospect of continuous living in this world. The worst punishment that fiction has been able to find for a sinner was to live on and on and on forever, as the Wandering Jew.'

'Who was he again?' demanded Rasmus.

'It's only a story—a legend, Rasmus,' said Rodney. 'It is said that when the Lord Jesus was going through the streets of Jerusalem to be crucified, He was very tired, and wished to rest on the door-step of a shop, and the shopkeeper standing in the door drove Him on.

'Mean wretch!' cried Rasmus in indignation. 'If I'd been there, I'd knocked his head for him!'

'Well, a different punishment fell on him: that was, never to die till Christ comes back to the world.'

'That was much too good for him; it was giving him good luck for his badness,' said Rasmus, positively.

'Not as it turned out for him. He had to keep on travelling on and on and on all over the world.'

'That was nice, too,' said the tireless Rasmus. 'I'd like nothing better, so long as I knowed I had time for it, and wouldn't die in a hospital.'

'Perhaps this man did not think it so bad at first. But as time went on, he had more and more misery in it. All the people of his own family and day died. Age after age he wandered over the world, and saw the nations change, and he was still the miserable fugitive that nothing could kill. He could hope for nothing, fear nothing, care for nothing, only just travel still across the world.'

'Maybe it would get pretty lonesome after a time,' assented Rasmus.

'Suppose you know, that you had lived so long that you knew Robin was dead and forgotten, and you never could find him, and that Sally Crew was grown old and wrinkled and dead, and that Mr. Llewellyn had gone, and I had grown an old man and died, and that no matter how many you met, or liked, they would all get old and die, and leave you behind?'

'Yes; it would look sort of tedious,' admitted Rasmus; 'but I don't think people live half long enough.'

(To be continued.)

## A Bagster Bible Free.

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## The Holy Tree.

(By Julia Macnair Wright, in 'Forward.')

Stopping one day to look at some long, beautiful bamboo poles, a Chinese student came and stood beside me.

'This cane,' said he, 'is the great gift of God to a large part of the world. Utensils, furniture, houses, fire, light, paper, sails, cordage, even food, are in this one plant.'

'The palm,' an Arab said to me, 'is the mother tree—all that we need for living for man and beast comes to us in the palm, the blessed tree.'

Once in Italy I entered a little olive orchard on a sunny slope. The owner was busy among his trees. Finally he turned to me and said:

'This is truly the tree of God. With a few acres of olives a man is rich. No part of this

OPERATING THE OLIVE MILL.

tree is wasted. See these roots—the olive roots grow very fast—we prune them. When a tree ceases to bear, we take all the roots from the ground. We grind the roots into a coarse red dust, like sawdust. It is rich with oil, and we press it into those round chocolate-colored cakes, called fumes; these are our fuel; they hold fire a long, long time; you can leave them on the hearth to smoulder all day, and we strike them into bright fire when you come in cold and damp. The trunk and branches of the olive, Signoria, are far too precious to burn. The wood is hard, fine-grained, beautiful in color, and serves to make the choicest cabinet work. The olive berries we pick and sort; the finest green ones are sold for the pickles. The fruit for oil is left on the tree until November to become purple as a mulberry and full of oil as a comb in the summer hive is full of honey. Come and see my olive mill. Look! this lower part is the stump of a very old and great olive tree. The stone turned by the crank is no stone, but another section of olive tree. Do you see how wide apart these are set? That is so the kernel will not be broken. Look! the olives are ready in these baskets. See these bags of woven rushes; the crushed olives are scraped into these and gently pressed; the first oil that flows is clearest, best and highest-priced. We rebreak the mass for a second pressing, and then for a third.

'Signoria, the tree bears fruit young, and bears for many years; the tree will live even a thousand years, and I saw one at Persico, twenty-five feet around the trunk. I call it a holy tree, Signoria, because it has pleased God to speak of it so often in his word. Does he not say that the Christian "is as a green olive tree in the house of his God?" The prophet saw two golden olive trees, pouring golden oil out of themselves, to feed the holy lamps, and John saw two witnesses for God, that were as two olive trees. Signoria, I tend my olives, and I think on these things.'

## A Rat With Brains.

While standing in a large woodshed, one end of which he had partitioned off with narrow slats as a fowl-house, Mr. X heard a gnawing noise, and looking about him saw a large brown rat darting away from a dog-biscuit lying on the floor of the shed. He decided to remain quiet and watch to see whether this thief of his dog-biscuit would return. Presently he did, and slyly glancing at Mr. X as if to say, 'Now, you let me alone, and I'll let you alone,' his ratship began dragging the biscuit over toward the slat partition behind which were the fowls clucking and scratching. He reached the laths and tried to drag the biscuit through after him. It would not pass, being flat and broad. After some vain struggles with it, the rat vanished, to return with another of his acquaintance. The newcomer he stationed inside the fowl house. He himself came out and seized the biscuit by one corner. He then began tilting it upon its side, and the adroit friend poked his head through the slats and steadied it with him. In a few seconds the biscuit was held between them 'up and down' and between rat number one's pushing without and rat number two's pulling from within the barrier, the prize was forced triumphantly through the slats.—'Morning Star.'

## The Little Cottage in the Woods.

(By Katharine Smalley, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

(Concluded.)

Darting in and out they succeeded in saving treasured books, pictures and valuables, and many lighter articles of furniture, carrying them to the garden that was on the windward side of the house. When the roof fell in and the heat grew fierce, so they dared not venture in the cottage any more, they carried the things still farther off; then they stood watching with helpless bewilderment the flames devouring their little home.

When the fire leaped wildly and lighted up the sky with its lurid glare, several men came running from neighboring homes, none of which were very near, yet close enough to be aroused by the unusual light. They could do nothing to save the house, but kept the fire from spreading into the woods. One of the men took the two women and Blanche to his home, where they were kindly cared for. Horace stayed to help and watch the articles saved from the flames. These, too, were taken in the morning to the neighbors and stored safely away and the homeless ones were made to feel welcome by their new friends.

They were all very tired that day and did not go to see the ruins of their little home, but the second day Mrs. Wayland and the children went over the fields a very sober little party. It had been a poor shelter, but it was their home and with it had gone all their hard summer's work. If only the dolls that she had intended to take away in a few days had been delivered they would have brought a good many dollars that would have been such a help now. Mrs. Wayland turned away from the ashes with a sob, and the tears she had been crowding back streamed down her cheeks. She tried to hide them from the children; Horace was already busy poking about in the ruins, but little Blanche saw the tears and threw her arms around her mother.

'Don't cry, mamma, don't cry; it will all come right. Grandma says it will.'

'Yes, dearie, I know,' sobbed her mother, 'but grandma worked so hard, and so did we all, and now nothing is left of it all. But I have my dear ones safe and I ought not to grieve so, I know,' and she held her little girl close. Then Horace's voice broke in on them:

'Oh, mamma, come quick. Here's something so funny. It looks like a cave under the hearth.'

A thought flashed through Mrs. Wayland's mind that made her run to the boy's side heedless of ashes and charcoal. With her help he was able to pry the stone away, so they could look in. It was a little vault and on the floor they could see a small iron box. With fast beating heart Mrs. Wayland tugged with Horace at the stone until they had an opening they could get down through and drag out the box to the light.

Her thoughts went back quickly to the forgotten days of long ago, and she remembered the little iron box that stood in her father's room and had bright beautiful things in it that he sometimes let her little sister and herself take a peep at. It was a wonderful sight that met their peering eyes when Mrs. Wayland, crouching in the ashes, opened the box. There was gold and silver, and from the jewel casket diamonds flashed back at the sun their

brilliant light after their long imprisonment, with gems of more quiet beauty. It was like a fairy tale to the boy and girl whose eyes were not used to seeing such fine things, but to their mother came a forgotten picture of her mother, young and lovely, in beautiful dresses, with bright jewels in her ears, at her throat and on her white hands, hands that had learned to toil, and had grown skilful and worn, and yet she had never complained of the loss of these beautiful gems, but worked and smiled, happy in her toil for her and, now, for her little ones. And when the little home she loved had gone and her hard summer's work had come to naught she still said it was all for the best. The children brought her thoughts back to the box, for they were impatient to see all that was in it.

Besides the diamonds there were other jewels in rings and pins, a coral necklace that had been hers but forgotten, and little sister's string of gold beads; and there was silverware and much gold, many great gold eagles and smaller pieces. What were the poor dolls compared to this! The fire had been the open sesame!

'The comfort does not always come so quickly, Mary dear, but it always comes, said her mother, smiling up at her daughter, who stood by her side, as she sat with the jewel casket in her lap.

Mrs. Wayland slipped down on her knees by her mother, and putting an arm around her leaned her head against her shoulder content. The two children, still under the spell of wonder, leaned eagerly over the box, the contents of which their grandmother handled tenderly, telling a little of their history.

'I was a happy bride,' she said, lifting the diamonds, 'when my proud young husband gave me these,' and her eyes were as bright as the jewels with tender memories. But we have no use for diamonds now. You can take them, Mary dear, and sell them to build our little cottage again.'

'But, grandma,' cried Blanche, 'will you have to sell all of these? They are so lovely.'

'Not these rings and pins, but we could not wear diamonds now, and I should like to think they were turned into a pretty new home for us. You would like this little turquoise ring, wouldn't you, Blueeyes?' and grandma lifted it out of the box and slipped it on the eager little hand, but it was much too large for the small finger. 'You will have to grow fast, little one, to be able to wear it.'

'Oh, I'll work hard, grandma,' said Blanche, eagerly, 'so my hand will grow big, quickly.'

'You know what hands are for, don't you, deary?' said grandma, laughing and patting the small brown hand.

They were busy days that followed, both for hands and brains, and happy ones, too, as the pretty new cottage rose phenix-like from the ashes.

Nor was the doll business neglected. Two young women of the neighborhood who were glad of the work were employed, and the work was carried on at the home of one of them till the cottage was finished and all orders were filled by Christmas, and more taken for the year to come.

Mary was happy, for the great burden of her life had burned away, and she became as a little child again, hopeful and trustful.

## Twin Sisters Who are Famous Theologians.

To the gifted twin sisters, Mrs. Margaret Dunlop Gibson and Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis, of Cambridge, falls the honor of being the first ladies in Europe who have had conferred upon them the degree of Doctor of Theology.

These two clever women distinguished themselves a few years ago by their discovery of what is believed to be the oldest copy of the Gospel in the world. In view of this and other achievements, the University of Heidelberg recently bestowed upon Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson the honor before referred to.

In 1892 the new doctors went to the convent of St. Catharine, Mount Sinai, for the purpose of examining ancient manuscripts. Mrs. Lewis, who alone at that time was a Syriac scholar, found that one of the documents bore traces of Syriac writing, partially obliterated by a later inscription above. With comparative ease she deciphered the words, 'Verily I say unto you.'

Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Lewis spent thirty-three days in photographing these valuable pages, and returned to the convent several times since for the purpose of continuing their investigations; and now, owing to their indefatigable energy, they have made out nearly all the Gospels from these ancient manuscripts.

The learned ladies, who are the twin daughters of a former Ayrshire solicitor, Mr. John Smith, are acquainted with no less than eleven languages, and, in addition to their new theological degree, they are both LL.D.'s of St. Andrew's University.

Mrs. Gibson is the widow of the Rev. J. G. Gibson, and Mrs. Lewis is the widow of the late Rev. S. S. Lewis, formerly Librarian and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The career of these two ladies is a standing rebuke to those who urge that women have no aptitude for the learned professions.—Australian 'Spectator.'

## The Story of a Hero.

In 1871 the steamship 'Swallow' left the Cape of Good Hope bound for England. Among her passengers was a child of two years and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome Newfoundland dog called Nero.

The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was to be seen, and the island of St. Helena was the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with the breeze blowing and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling waters. A large and gay company of passengers were assembled on deck; merry groups had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or some one sang a little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by a loud and piercing scream.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping, restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her charge had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than can be written down something rushed quickly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the water, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it, ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like a spark of fire on the dark blue waves.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the tiny scarlet point. The boat seemed fairly to creep, though it sped over the waves as it never sped before.

Sometimes a billow higher than others hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow the surgeon to reach over and lift the child out of the dog's mouth, then a sailor's stout arms pulled Nero into the boat and the men rowed swiftly back to the ship.

'Alive?' shouted every lip as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and as the answer came back, 'Alive!' a 'Thank God!' came from every heart.

Then the boat came to the ship's side. A hundred hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and 'Good Nero,' 'Brave Dog,' 'Good fellow,' resounded on every side. But Nero ignored the praises showered so profusely on him. He trotted sedately up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail looked up into her face with his big, faithful brown eyes, as if he said, 'It is all right; I have brought her back safe.'

The mother dropped on her knees on the deck, and taking the shaggy head in both hands kissed his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. Indeed, there was not a dry eye on board. One old sailor stood near with the tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, unconscious that he was weeping.

Well, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the ship, and he bore his honors with quiet dignity. It was curious, however, to see how, from that time on, he made himself the sentinel and body-guard of the child. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. It was as though, he said, 'I have been lucky enough, Miss Baby, to save you once; but as I may not be so lucky again, I shall take care you don't run any such risks in the future.'

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, 'Three cheers for Nero!' and they were given with a will. And a 'Good-by Nero,' 'Good-by, good dog,' resounded on every side. Every one crowded around to give him a pat on the head as he trotted down the gang-plank. To all these demonstrations he could only reply with a wag of his tail and a twinkle of his faithful eye. He kept very close to the nurse's side and watched anxiously his little charge's arrival on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honored until he died of old age, with his scraggy gray head resting on the knee of the child (now a woman) that he had saved. His grave is in an English church yard, in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked with a fair white stone, on which is engraved, 'Sacred to the memory of Nero.'

His portrait hangs over the chimney-piece of an English drawing-room, beneath which sits a fair-haired girl, who often looks up at Nero's portrait as she tells how he sprang into the Atlantic ocean after her and held her until help came.—'Parish and Home.'

## A Blind Man and His Cat.

Three miles from Farmington, Mich., as the Boston 'Transcript' says, lives Henry Wixom, seventy years old, one of the most remarkable men in the United States.

He lives all alone, with the exception of a


## NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS** that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

**PLEASE SHOW** this to your Minister, Superintendent or some other friend.

**Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.**

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

cats, rats, and bees. Wixom owns fifty hives of bees and supports himself by the industry.

The old blind man is always accompanied by a great tom-cat that is as remarkable as his master. This cat has been trained like a dog, and is always at Wixom's heels. At times the old man goes astray, and when he does, the cat finds the path and sets up a peculiar yowling, which brings its master to his bearings again.

## The Indian Adam and Eve.

The Bible is not the only book that tells of an Adam and Eve from whom the whole human race is descended; nearly every people in the world has a more or less similar tradition concerning their ancestors —how they lived in a fair country, with plenty to eat, and everything they wanted, and how they came to be turned out of it, and made to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The Indians of our great west have such a tale; very naturally, since the Indians were hunters first of all, their tale is concerned with hunting.

A long time ago a man and his wife named Kanati and Selu, and their two sons were the only people in the world. They lived on a beautiful meadow, and had everything they wanted. Never was such a lucky hunter as Kanati, and never was such a splendid housewife as Selu. No matter in what direction Kanati would go, he would come back with a great load of game, and no matter how empty the larder might be in the morning, Selu would have it full of corn and beans by dinner time. They and their children lived delightfully—according to Indian ideas—and might have kept on doing so till to-day had it not been for the curiosity of their eldest son.

This youngster, Inage by name, was always prying into things that did not concern him, and would never stop, no matter how much his father and mother begged him to. He easily persuaded his younger brother to join with him in all sorts of mischief—quite as some boys I have know do to this very day.

Inage one day asked his father where he got all the game he brought home, but Kanati would not tell him. Then he wanted to know where his mother got the beans she had for dinner, but she would not tell him. So, one day he took his brother with him, and they followed their father.

Kanati went to a swamp and pulled up some reeds and made arrows of them, and then cut a shaft and made a bow of it. Then he went up the mountain till he came to a huge rock. This he rolled away, and a big deer ran out. Kanati shot the deer, rolled back the stone, and went home.

As soon as he had gone, Inage and his brother made a bow and arrows, and went to the mouth of the cave. Said Inage, 'I'll show father what a big boy I am, and that I can kill deer as well as he can.' Then he rolled away the stone and waited for the deer to come out.

And it came! Oh, yes! It came! And hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of other deer; all there were in the world. Next came great herds of buffalo, one after the other; and packs of rabbits and beavers and coons, and so on. There were so many and they came so fast, that the boys were frightened and did not remember to close the rock door till all the game was gone, and it was too late.

They went home very much frightened, and reached there just in time to see their mother climbing up the stairs that led to a little storeroom in the woods, that they had never seen. They climbed up the ladder after their mother and peered in the door and watched her. She shook herself, and a great pile of corn rattled down around her; she shook herself again and a great heap of beans fell on the corn; then she gathered them all up and started down the ladder.

By the time she and Kanati got home the boys were sitting quietly by the fire, looking as though butter would not melt in their mouths.

But Kanati and Selu both knew. 'Ah,' said Kanati, 'you boys have done an ill work for yourselves this day. Both your mother and I must leave you now, and you must take care of yourselves. All I can do is to give you my bow and arrows, with which you will have to hunt down the game you set free this morning. As for your mother, she must die, and you will have to bury her. Watch all night over her grave, and you will see what you will see. This is all I can do for you now.'

Then Kanati went away, and Selu died, and the boys buried her. They watched all night over her grave, and the next day it was covered with corn, with ripe ears on it. They saved some of the grain and buried them, and fresh corn sprang up. But they always had to do the work of burying it—and they always had to hunt for their meat before they could eat it.

You see, the story is not so much unlike that of Adam and Eve after all. In both cases the sin was in disobedience—not in eating the apple nor in letting the game go and watching their mother—and in both cases the punishment was the same—they and their children for all time had to work for their food, even as Adam must get his bread through labor.— Crittendon Marriott, in 'S. S. Advocate.'

## The Choir Contest.

(The 'Alliance News.')

'Well, if you're going to get your singers in such a way as that, you don't deserve to win the prize, and I only hope you "won't!"'

Little Mrs. Hurland's iron went down on the stand with a crash, and she literally flung her husband's clean shirt across the clothes-horse, flashing at him such a withering glance of scorn as would once have pierced him like an arrow.

His eyes flashed, too, and his face darkened ominously.

The time had been when he rather liked to tease Bessie into a 'tantrum,' to see how pretty she looked with her flushing cheeks and curling lips; but that day had long gone by; he would quite as soon see her calm and pale now.

'Why, it will be the talk of the place,' she went on; 'there was Jonas Cordery on about it down at the shop to-day, and Mrs. Butcher stepped across this morning to ask me if it was right.'

'Let 'em, if they've got nothing better to do!' growled Joel; 'but it's none of their business.'

'I don't know so much about that!' was the tart reply; 'they both subscribed to the Choir Fund last year. You won't get so many subscriptions again, you'll see; your precious choir will soon break up after this.'

'Oh well, it'll give some of you some satisfaction,' was Joel's sarcastic retort.

He was not a quarrelsome man; as a rule he was very placid and easy going, but Bessie had touched him on a sore point, and her vehement indignation was driving his patience out of bounds. The fact was, he was not able to refute her charges, and the anger that is usually consciously on the wrong side of the battle is usually the most fierce and keen.

He knew by experience that his wife would have her say, whether he liked it or not. When Bessie set about anything she was in the habit of doing it thoroughly, whether it were scolding her husband or cleaning the house; but he knew also that she was not a scold by nature or habit, and never 'let fly' at him without reason.

'It isn't right" either, Joel!' she went on, warming to her subject; 'if you enter that contest as a teetotal choir every member of it ought to be a pledged abstainer.'

'Well, so they will be,' snapped he; 'I told you before they've both promised to sign the pledge.'

'Yes, in the morning, before you go they'll put down their names just for the day, so that you shall be able to sign the declaration that they are all abstainers.' If you call that doing the square thing, Joel Hurland, I've done.' Joel hoped she had 'done.' His own task—that of nailing 'protectors' on his boots —was just completed, and he proceeded in grim silence to hang away his things and wash his hands, after which he lit a candle and went off into the little parlor where he sat down to the piano and began to use up some of his superfluous energy upon the ivory keys in a way that showed he was blessed, like many another working man, with a musical talent that was above the average. He had been the leader and trainer of the Church Choir ever since his early manhood, and when the teetotal cause grew strong in the neighborhood for the formation of a United Temperance Choir he had by unanimous consent been elected as choirmaster. Now it so happened that the two best singers in the village were notorious drinkers. Not God's House, but the tap-room and the bar-parlor had the benefit of those rich, fairly cultivated voices. Joel had often heard them singing as he passed their homes or their favorite retreat —the 'Red Lion,' and he had said to his wife that there was not a tenor or bass in his choir that could come up to Jim Harvey or Mike Henson. So when the choir entered for the contest at the yearly Temperance Festival in the country town his thoughts turned covetously towards the splendid talents that were not available. After talking over the matter with two or three of his leading members he succeeded in convincing them that there could be no harm in getting Jim and Mike to go, if they could be persuaded to sign the pledge just for that one day.

'Perhaps if we could get them to sign they might stick to it,' said they, as a salve to their consciences.

But the many shook their heads, and felt like Mrs. Hurland, that there was something about it not quite 'square.' They opined that Joel had better have let his choir stand its chance without drawing in any outsiders.

As for Jim and Mike themselves, they looked upon the whole affair as a huge joke, and many a laugh went round in their favorite haunts at the expense of the Temperance Choir that was reduced to the extremity of going into the enemy's ranks for the champions who were to win their laurels. A few zealous spirits would have ventured upon an attempt to persuade them to become real abstainers, but though they were regular attendants at the practices, and always appeared sober, somewhat to the surprise of the other members, they always contrived to arrive a little late, and slip out before the close. Truth to tell, Joel was glad that it was so; he did not want to risk their being driven away, and managed to drop a hint or two to this effect.

He was not easy in his mind, however; in his heart of hearts he knew that his wife's standpoint was the right one.

'Persuade them to sign the pledge by all means, if you can,' she said, 'if they will do it from conviction; but don't be a party to their making a solemn vow with the deliberate intention of breaking it the next day.'

Joel did not want to view the matter in this light, however, and refused to entertain the misgivings which assailed him. He had set his mind on winning 'high commendation' at the least, and he knew the contest would be an extremely keen one. His idea of securing the services of the two doubtful helpers had been conceived after meeting another choirmaster, and exchanging notes with him as to the prospects of their respective choirs.

Perhaps he did not guess how deeply and sincerely his little wife was troubled; how many secret tears she shed, and how fervently she wished that the contest had never been thought of. Had he known how high a pedestal he had fallen from, even the honor of his choir might have taken a second place. But finding her expostulation of no avail Bessie relapsed into a frigid and persistent silence upon the matter, from which her husband thought it prudent not to arouse her.

The long expected day arrived. The Festival was held on a Whit Monday—that being considered the most convenient day. The Prestley Choir had to start early in the morning, as their journey was a rather long one. The party were in gay spirits, especially Jim and Mike, who, being covertly uneasy at the prospect of a whole day spent exclusively in the society of abstainers, fought so desperately to conceal the feeling and appear quite in their element, that they rather overstepped the mark.

(To be continued.)

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

# LITTLE FOLKS

IF

The lambs are skipping on the hills,
And children playing, too,
With their 'jump ropes' precisely as
Their grandmas used to do.

Now if the lambs should skip with ropes,
The little lambs of spring,
It would amuse the farmers so
They couldn't plant a thing.

—By L. J. Bridgman, in 'Youth's Companion.'

## Aunt Carrie's Object Lesson.

'I'd like to know what has become of my cap,' said Teddy Brown, giving the closet door an impatient slam, as though it were in some way responsible. 'I've looked everywhere for it, and it isn't there.'

'I think,' said Teddy's mother, speaking with calm assurance in spite of Teddy's statement, 'that you will find it just where you left it. You know, Teddy, I put up a special hook for your cap, but it doesn't seem to do any good, does it? You'll just have to hunt it up, that's all. I can't stop to look for it.'

Just then the door opened, and Alice, Fred and little Hal, accompanied by two of the neighbor children, came into the room, their eyes glistening and cheeks aglow, as the result of a frolic they had been having on the lawn.

'Why don't you come out and play, Teddy?' asked Alice. 'We've been having such fun. Haven't we, Fred?'

'I can't find my cap,' said Teddy, looking vexed and disconsolate. 'You haven't seen it anywhere, have you?'

'No,' Alice replied.

'I haven't seen it, either,' volunteered Fred. Little Hal felt that the blame had, therefore, been shifted upon him.

'I don't know where it is,' he stoutly protested. 'Really I don't.'

'What is it that's lost?' asked Aunt Carrie, who had just come into the room, and had overheard the latter part of the conversation.

'Teddy's cap,' said Alice.

'What, again!' said Aunt Carrie, in astonishment. 'That makes the fifth time this week, doesn't it? Now, let me see. I believe I did see your cap somewhere a very short time ago, Teddy. I think, yes, that's where it was, behind the sofa in the sitting-room. I found it there when I moved the things to clear up the room. I think you'll find it on the table now.'

'Oh, yes,' said Teddy, with a surprising return of memory. 'That's just where I put it. I laid it on the sofa. I suppose it fell down.'

'Before you go out to play,' said Aunt Carrie, when Teddy had brought his cap, 'I would like to ask you to do something for me if you will.'

'What is it?' asked Teddy, curious to know what she wanted.

Aunt Carrie told Teddy she would like to have him hold the palms of his hands together and arms out straight. Taking a spool of basting thread from the pocket of her sewing apron, she wound the thread about Teddy's wrists, drawing it tightly.

'See if you can break it,' she said.

Teddy made a tremendous effort and when he found that he was able to break the thread a smile of satisfaction and triumph lighted up his face.

Then Aunt Carrie wound the thread about his wrists again, twice this time instead of once, but Teddy succeeded in freeing his hands again

'Well done,' said Aunt Carrie, winding the thread about Teddy's wrists a great many times, and fastening it, after which she told him he might break the threads again.

'I can't,' said Teddy, looking very sheepish when he took in the situation sufficiently to realize that his hands were tied fast and that it was not in his power to loosen them. Indeed, Teddy looked so very helpless and woe-begone that Aunt Carrie and the children could not help laughing at him just a little.

'Now, let me tell you,' said Aunt Carrie, 'what it is that I would like to impress upon you all. It is this: Habits are very hard to break; for they are made up of separate acts, just as Teddy's hands are held together by means of separate threads.'—'Round Table.'

## A Garden Surprise.

'Mrs. Hancock doesn't like little boys,' said Hal one day, coming from school and dropping down on the piazza at his mother's feet.

'Oh, I am sorry,' said mother, 'because she misses a great deal,' and then she kissed Hal on the forehead. 'But what makes you think so?'

'Well, she drove us away when we were down there this morning, and we were not anywhere near her land, either. She has only that tiny bit of a garden, and it is all full of rocks. She was trying to make a garden in between the stones.'

'But what reason has she for sending you away?'

'Well, you see, last winter some of the boys ran into her fence with a double runner and broke a picket. They mended it, though, and now she seems to think we all want to do her some harm.'

'You must do something to restore confidence,' said mamma. 'She has never had any little boys, and doesn't know how nice they can be. Why don't you do something to please her?'

'No chance now; she is going away for a month'

'Just the thing,' said mamma.

Hal looked up in surprise. 'Why? How?' he asked.

'Why don't you and Ned go over there after she has gone and pick up all those small rocks in her yard, and carry them off in your wheelbarrow, just as you did for father? The big ones you can roll over to the back and mound up in a rockery, and put good soil over and plant some flowers. Then you could dig a few small beds, and plant lettuce, beans, radishes and beets. She is too old to make a garden, and too poor to hire one made.'

'Whew! I'd just like to do that,' said Hal. I will go ask Ned.' Away he ran, and in a few moments came back with his chum, to talk it over with mother and to make further plans.

Some days later, when the stage had carried off its one passenger, two boys were seen going round bright and early to the little garden back of the house, and every night after school they worked for a half-hour or so. Mother would not let them work long enough at any one time to tire and to make the plan seem irksome. Papa shared his seeds with the boys, and came over once in a while to see that things were done properly.

Mrs. Hancock extended her visit to six weeks, and when she came back the yard was neat and clean, the grass mowed and thick as a carpet, the rockery was covered with morning-glory vines and nasturtiums, while up through the soil the beets, radishes and garden things were showing bravely. Under her door was a card: 'Please accept the garden, with the compliments of Hal and Ned.'

The next day, when Hal came home from school, his face was radiant. 'You were right, mother,' he said. 'She didn't know how to like us. Why, it's just the best game in the world to make people pleased, isn't it?' And mother thought it was.—Mira Jenks Safford, in 'Youth's Companion.'

## The Confession.

Bobby and Anna were playing school. 'We ought to have some bigger books,' said Bobby, 'because I am in the fourth grade now.' Just at that moment they thought of something. Anna was sure that Bobby thought of it first, and Bobby knew afterward that it was Anna who pointed at mamma's new book, lying near the reading lamp.

'Let's,' said Anna.

'I can lift it,' said Bobby.

They carried the book to the couch and spread it open. For a long time they turned the leaves very carefully, 'just as mother would wish us to,' Anna had said, and that made them feel a little guilty.

'I think we ought to put it away,' said Bobby, at last. They each tried to be first in this noble task, and the consequence was the book slipped from their hands.

Crash! Bobby tried to save the fall, and caught but one leaf. This tore away and was left in his hand, and the book fell to the floor.

Anna picked it up and laid it on the table; then she took the leaf from Bobby and placed it inside the cover.

'It does not look as if a leaf were gone,' she said, looking at the book. They went out into the garden and sat down. They were sure the house was very lonely without mother, and they wished she would come.

'You ought to know what to do,' said Anna, at last. 'You buy your own neckties sometimes, and you took care of the furnace that day papa was gone.'

'Well, you ought to know what to do. You know mother better than I do—girls always do.'

But supper time came, and they were still undecided. When mother came home they did not run to meet her as usual, and they were very quiet all the evening. When it was time to go to bed they did not ask to sit up a minute longer.

They had been tucked away some time when Bobby heard a little noise in the hall. He was out of bed at once, and there he found Anna already on the stairs.

'Let's put on our bed-socks—'cause we might want to stay down and talk with mamma a long time,' said Bobby.

'All right,' said Anna. 'I know just what to do now, don't you? I knew just as soon as the dark came,' she added.

'Yes, I knew when mother turned away to put out the light,' said Bobby. 'I felt just as though I must tell.' And then he took her hand and they went down the stairs together.—'N. C. Advocate.'

## A Funny Little Grandma.

Cradled on a rose-leaf,
By her mother-miller,
In her tiny egg slept
Baby caterpillar.

Till the sunbeams coaxed her
From her cradle cozy,
To her pretty chamber,
Velvet soft and rosy.

Dew and honey drinking
As from fairy chalice,
A merry life she led
In that rosy palace.

Till at length she wove a
Bed of cotton-down,
Where she slept to waken,
Dressed in satin brown.

Once more in the sunshine,
Oh, how sweet to roam,
And on satin pinions
Seek her flowery home!

She had joined the noble
Family of millers,
And last I heard was grandmamma
To six small caterpillars.

—Clara Broughton, in 'The Nursery

## Eskimo Candy.

Did you ever taste a bit of tallow, children? If you have, I am sure you do not consider it a great delicacy, yet reindeer tallow is the Eskimo children's candy, and I suppose they are quite satisfied. This 'candy' is put up in bright red packages made out of the feet of a water-fowl. The women cut off the red feet of this bird, which is called the dovekie, draw out the bones and blow up the skins, so as to make pouches, which they fill with the reindeer tallow for their little folk.

None of the food that the Eskimos eat seems very inviting to us; but they are extremely fond of it, and are very apt to overeat. It is said by explorers who have gone into Greenland that it is no uncommon sight to see an Eskimo man who has eaten an enormous meal of raw, frozen flesh, eating blubber until he can scarcely move. —Selected.

# Correspondence

## THE SILK QUILT.

By Georgina H. Thompson (age 13).

During the time in Canada, when the settlers were never safe from the Indians, there was a girl named Margaret MacDonald, who lived with her parents and little brother in a clearing in the forest, ten or twelve miles from a small fort.

There were very few things to brighten her life, and Margaret liked nice things, just as girls do now. But there was one thing she owned that helped to fill the bank. It was a silk quilt which had belonged to her grandmother, who had made it when she was a little girl. Before she died she gave it to Margaret, and though it was not much, she cherished it, as it was the only nice thing she had.

One bright spring day, the father found it was necessary to go to the fort for provisions. It had been an unusually peaceful time. The Indians had not troubled them for months, and they had not heard of any being in the neighborhood. So he took his wife and little boy with him, and left Margaret alone, for she knew nearly as much about the farm as he did. She was not frightened, as it was not the first time she had watched the place, and she could shoot her father's gun should any animal come near to steal their few fowls.

After she had finished the work she felt lonely, and thought she would like to look at her quilt. She got it out and looked at each piece stitched so neatly and she wondered what she would do if she were to lose it. Then she thought of the Indians. The bright silk would attract them if they came around. The bare possibility of such a thing made her frightened. She began studying where she could hide it. There was certainly no place in the small, bare, log house. There was a clump of cedars not far from the house, and she decided to dig a hole and bury it there. So she put it in a box, and, taking a spade, she made her way to the cedars. When the hole was ready she placed the box inside and covered it over carefully with the sod, and in a few minutes she had everything fixed so that no one could have told the ground had been disturbed.

She returned to the house, but had scarcely been in a minute when she heard the dog bark, and looked out of the small window. She could see nothing, and went to the door to scold Rover, when, to her surprise and alarm, she saw a tall Indian step out from among the trees that surrounded the buildings. He was followed by others, until it seemed to her that there must be hundreds of them moving around. She shut the door and ran for the gun, but before she could get it down she heard soft footsteps behind, and looking around she saw an Indian. She clutched at the gun, but it was useless, for the Indian roughly caught her by the arm, and in a short time she was bound so that she could do nothing with her hands. She knew it would do her no good to scream, so she looked quite brave as she stood by the Indians, while others ransacked the house. After they had taken everything they cared for from the house and stable, they set fire to the buildings and started off for their camp, which was not far away, taking her with them.

Meanwhile her father found that he must stay in the fort all night. He was anxious about Margaret, but he thought she would be safe, as no one had heard of the Indians being near.

Of course Margaret did not sleep any that night. She was wondering what her fate in the morning would be. There was no moon in the sky, and it was rather cold, and she thought of her father and mother coming home and finding everything burned. They would probably think she had been burned too, and she almost wished she had, for she knew she could expect no mercy from the Indians. She remembered her quilt, and was glad she had hidden it, though she knew that no one would think of looking for it, so that it would stay in the ground till it decayed.

These were not pleasant thoughts by any means, and when morning dawned at last, she was still lying with her eyes wide open, staring up at the sky. She could hear the Indians moving about, and a few minutes afterwards one of them undid the string that tied her feet together so that she could stand up. She saw some of them standing talking, and she knew they were wondering what to do with her. Some of them wanted to kill her before they started home, as they thought she would be a hindrance to them; but the majority wanted to take her with them to their tribe. This last course was decided upon.

Margaret knew enough of their language to partly follow what they were saying, and she felt that the worst had come. She would almost rather have been killed. She thought of her home, and it did not seem a bit dreary now that she was leaving it forever.

Margaret was a Christian, and her mother had taught her to return good for evil. She resolved that whatever happened she would always try to do so, though she knew of no way just now. Then once more she remembered her quilt. If she could only persuade the Indians to come with her to the hiding-place she would give it to them.

The Indian standing nearest her was surprised to hear her speak to him in his own language. She knew by his dress that he was the chief, so he would be the one to whom she would give it. She told him that she would do what they told her, and not give them any trouble if they would come with her to her old home, and she promised him something in return. She could not speak the language very well, as she had only learned a little from a sick Indian who had stayed at her home once, so the chief could scarcely make out what she said, but when at last he understood he agreed to do as she said, because he admired her for being so brave. Soon afterwards they started. When they arrived at the place where her home had been, they halted, and the chief glanced at Margaret. She led the way to the clump of cedars, and removing the sod from above the box, she turned to the waiting Indians, saying:—

'The white people are not like the Indians, they are Christians and return good for evil. You have taken everything else I have, so this is all I have to offer you.' She lifted the quilt out of the box, and the bright silk sparkled in the sunlight.

The chief looked at it in wonder. He had seen many blankets, but this was the most beautiful of them all. She pushed it toward him, and he touched it first, then lifted it and folded it about himself. Suddenly he turned to the girl and said:—

'We have wronged the white girl. She has been braver than we, and we are ashamed. We will leave her here for her people, and none of them will be harmed. Running Wolfe is their friend.' Then, turning to the rest of them, he motioned them to go on, and in a few minutes they had disappeared into the forest.

A short time after they had gone, her parents returned, and she told them all that had happened. They were thankful she was saved, but of course were very angry at the Indians, and they did not believe that the chief would be their friend very long. But they were mistaken. And after they were settled again, the chief often came to see them, always wearing his 'blanket.' He and his tribe much through Margaret's influence became converted, so she felt herself amply repaid for the loss of her quilt.

### OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Yellow-breasted chat.' Russell K. Clyde.
2. 'Flower vase.' Maggie McIntyre, E., Ont.
3. 'Daisies in pot.' Susie Lamonte (9), B. H., Man.
4. 'Teapot.' Eva G. Webb, H. W., N.S
5. 'Lily.' Vivian Gill, K., B.C.
6. 'Cow.' William George McLauch (13), F., Ont.
7. 'Fuchsias.' May Close (12), S., Man.
8. 'Ostrich.' Georgie Wyand (12), M., P. E. I.
9. 'Landscape.' Leslie Walker (8), M., Que.
10. 'A Lady.' E. M. A., B., Ont.
11. 'Spring greetings.' Freddie Myhill, P., Ont.
12. 'Ducks.' Tena Belle McTavish (10), F., Ont.
13. 'Vera's rabbit.' Hazel E. R. Bates (10), A., Que.
14. 'An old seaman.' Archie Bren (12), Gaspe.

C. P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. My birthday is on March 21. I have read several books. Some of them are: 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'The Dog Crusoe,' 'Wild Animals I have Known,' 'Beautiful Joe,' Andersen's Fairy Tales,' and some more. My cousins were up from Montreal to spend the summer with us. We picked lots of berries and fished. My five-year-old brother Billy, caught a large fish, but it got away from him. When we asked him to show us how long the fish was he would show us, the next time we asked him he would put about four inches to it, and every time he would add four more, until he got it so long that he couldn't measure it with his arms.

DOUGLAS FINDLAY.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was nine years old on November 24th. I am in the Junior third class at school. The answer to Clare Anthony's riddle is: Why does a dog run up hill? Ans. To get to the top. The answer to Sarah Elsie Paul's riddle is: A candle. Now I will send one. In what country do the days go by the quickest, and why?

GLADYS E. TUCK.

LESSON VII.—MAY 13, 1906.

## A Fierce Demoniac Healed.

### Golden Text.

Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—Mark v., 19.

### Home Readings.

Monday, May 7.—Mark v., 1-20.
Tuesday, May 8.—Mark v., 21-34.
Wednesday, May 9.—Mark v., 35-43.
Thursday, May 10.—Matt. viii., 28-34.
Friday, May 11.—Matt. ix., 18-26.
Saturday, May 12.—Mark iii., 22-30.
Sunday, May 13.—Luke viii., 26-39.

(By Davis W. Clark).

Mark v., 1-20.

Jesus' own life was a fascinating parable to his disciples. Each incident was the unfolding of a new lesson. Best and most conclusive of all was sight of His tireless and self-oblivious consecration to the work He believed His Father had given Him to do. In this instance He stood in need of rest and refreshment. He sought it on the bosom of the lake on the shore of which most of His mighty deeds were done, and on the eastern shore, which was by comparison, sparsely populated. The extremity of His exhaustion is manifest in that He could sleep during the sudden gale that put not the sea alone in commotion, but the crew of the imperilled craft as well. His rebuking the storm in the natural world was a prelude to His quieting the strange and terrible convulsions of a human soul. . . . The meeting of Jesus and the demonized unfortunate makes one of the most vivid pictures of the New Testament. His was a murderous and suicidal malady. Self-control, or control by others was impossible. He had worn his chain out upon the rocks. The mountain tombs were his haunts. He made them echo with his outcries. As to a magnet the demoniac flew to Jesus. And what the Master had just done in nature he proceeded to do in human nature. He produced a calm. . . . Into the pathology and psychology of the strange case others may enter. There seems to have been a double and conflicting personality. One worshipped. The other cried, 'What have we in common?' 'My name is Legion!' 'Don't send me into the abyss, but into yonder swine.' The rationale of supersensuous influence upon animals is as unexplainable as other phases of this occult matter. . . . As the incident closes it is true to human nature to the dot. Sordid avarice was molecyed to the beneficent character of the deed, and one bemoaned the material loss incurred. Two thousand hogs outweighted the restoration of a man to his right mind, to his home and neighborhood. On the other hand gratitude pled the privilege of perpetual service. Incidentally there is new evidence of the practical wisdom of Jesus. The healed man could best serve his master in the very locality where his fearful malady was best known. Right royally did the man fulfil his commission when he published in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him.

### THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

That religion is 'not for home consumption' seems to be the impression of some people. Whereas the very best evidence of its genuineness is that it is worth one hundred cents on the dollar in the home. This truth underlies Jesus' command to the cured man, 'Go home to thy friends.' . . . It is only within a hundred years that they have ceased chaining the insane in ordinary prisons. The present humane treatment of this unfortunate class is a mark of advanced civilization. . . . This vivid scene is either pictured from life by an eye witness or it is a surprising feat of imaginative genius. It bears all the incidental marks of authenticity. . . . The moral courage of Jesus and His disciples was put to the test by the sudden charge of these two unclothed, screaming madmen. The calmness with which they stood it brought the maniacs to their knees. . . . A torment not to torment is what it is to some men as well as devils. To be deprived of the power to inflict excruciating mental or physical suffering upon others is esteemed a great loss by some. . . . $5,000 worth of pork outweighed in these crude minds the restoration of a man to sanity and home, and the abating of a public terror. There are present-day estimates, however, which in view of advanced civilization are even less justifiable. They are such as consider the gains of certain evil traffic an offset to the loss of men. . . . A species of wireless telegraphy has long been in use in the East. By some subtle means, and with the swiftness of lightning, intimations of any unusual occurrence are carried from village to village and the whole population of a district congregated in an incredibly short time. . . . The courage of the cured man commands admiration. His loyalty to his deliverer was put to severest possible test. To retravel the country through which he had been driven by the demons at their will, and to face the people who had seen him in his naked insanity, no wonder that he begged to be permitted to leave the region. His obedience under such circumstances was fine evidence of his moral worth. He was fit to be the first missionary to the heathen.

## C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 13.—Topic—Christ's life. V. Lessons from His miracles of healing. Matt. ix., 27-34; xxv., 31-40.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

### A PROMISE KEPT.

Monday, May 7.—David and Jonathan. I. Sam. xviii., 3, 4.

Tuesday, May 8.—David's promise. I. Sam. xx., 42.

Wednesday, May 9.—The covenant. I. Sam. xxiii., 18.

Thursday, May 10.—Remembering the promise. II. Sam. ix., 1-4.

Friday, May 11.—Keeping the promise. II. Sam. ix., 5-13.

Saturday, May 12.—Jonathan's son spared. II. Sam. xxi., 7.

Sunday, May 13.—Topic—How David kept his promise. II. Sam. ix., 1-7; I. Sam. xx., 13-26.

## A Newsboy's Verdict.

That it is possible to tell a Bible story with the vividness and enthusiasm applied in telling secular tales to children, may be conceded in principle, but not every Sunday school teacher fully uses his or her gifts in this direction. An unconscious tribute to the success of such an endeavor is given in the following incident:

A deaconess had just finished telling the story of Peter's release from prison to a class of interested boys, when one of the number, a newsboy, exclaimed excitedly: 'Gee! Wouldn't that make a jim dandy extra?'

When the boys can be made to feel that the lesson story is as good as an 'extra,' there is little need to fear they will leave the school.

## Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

## A Good Suggestion.

A very suggestive exercise was observed by a visitor in a city Sunday school. The teacher, a wid.-awake young woman, called the roll by streets instead of names. It appeared that each girl was responsible for her street.

'Southwood street?' 'No new houses. No one moved in.'

'Taintor Street?' 'One house going up. Two families moved away.' 'Three chances for missionary work there then. Don't you hope that new house will have a lot of children move into it? Keep watch of the two empty tenements. Try to show some kindness to the new tenants when they come. People appreciate a little friendliness when they first come into a neighborhood.'

So it went on. One girl was able to report a new family and a new scholar present that morning in one of the younger classes. That teacher is doing more than grounding her pupils in Bible facts and history. She is practising them in the spirit of the Gospel. Church extension, home and foreign missions, any other work of the Kingdom, will be familiar, every-day ideas to those girls long before they are women.—Missouri 'Observer.'

It is all too common in our Sunday schools to hear teachers confess to their classes that they have not thoroughly studied the lesson, and even to have confessions that the teacher 'had not time to look at it,' which is manifestly not true in those who make it, for the busiest men of affairs who are Sunday school teachers find time for large study of the lessons. It will do us all good to see how the humorist, Robert J. Burdette, views this excuse. He says: 'Sometimes a teacher goes before his class with the remark, "Hope you've studied the lesson. I've been so busy through the week, hardly time to look at it"—as if a hostess should say, seating her invited guests at table, "Hope you've brought a few crackers or sandwiches with you. I've been too busy to prepare anything." '—'Christian Standard.'

He has his plans. What if he even holds back all through the summer-time of life some of his plants from flowering, that they may be more ready for some day of days? Never question the wisdom of his will.—Sarah F. Smiley.

## The Nursemaid's Bible.

A young woman who loved her Bible, and knew it well, was nursemaid in a family. A young man used to come to the house, and laughed at her because of her religion, for he was an infidel. He used mockingly to ask for her Bible, saying he would open it anywhere and prove it was not true. At first she indignantly refused to allow him to touch it; but one day, after repeated assurances that he would treat it very reverently, he proposed to read aloud and refute the first verse that his eyes lighted upon. She accordingly brought her Bible. He opened it and read, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' It is almost needless to say that he gave her back the book without a word, and never mentioned the subject again.

'Any railway, college, or store that swings along on its old impetus without any new thought or attention is gradually drying up. This is true also of the church and its chief assistant, the Sunday-school. There must be thinkers and care-takers, who will be alert to cultivate new life and watch all the movements of the old life. A Sunday-school and Church can become sick and fall into a slow consumption. Its two lungs, of preparation for teaching and conscientious, regular attendance, may both be so badly affected that the weak thing has hardly enough strength to stand up. Call in the doctor—the pastor. Ask the elders in to nurse the beautiful child of the Church back to life. To neglect it is to let it die.'—'Living Epistle.'

It was a good thing for the Ephesians to burn their bad books. It would be good if all the bad books in the world were burned. But it is not enough to destroy what is bad, we must fill the place with something good. Give the young good books and papers to read. Cultivate a taste for that which is pure, and thus destroy the desire for what defiles.—'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.'

## Why Were we Saved?

(Kate M'Neill, in the 'Alliance News.')

Our little boat was set afloat,
The breeze blew strong and chilly,
But what cared we amid our glee
Although the waves were hilly?

We plied the oar and soon the shore
Was fading in the distance,
With laugh and song we pulled along,
Nor reck'd the tide's resistance.

Now lurch, now leap o'er shifting heap
With shriek of exultation;
I'm bound to say 'twas no child's play,
But strong men's recreation.

A daring game! But something came
Our merriment to throttle;
Out of the wave, an oarsman brave
Had spied a small flat bottle.

Now it rolled nigh and now swept by
All eyes were turned to watch it
'Twas furious fun while round we spun
With hands stretched out to catch it.

The chase grew hot we all forgot
And leaned too hard to leeward!
'Twas time to yell; a giant swell
Was tilting up our seaward!

Oh, that was all! I can recall
The sobered looks that followed
Of trembling love to God above
Because we were not swallowed.

But how and why, beneath the sky,
That outraged boat was righted,
Let Him explain who walks the main
To succour souls affrighted.

In far less time than takes to rhyme
We saw and fled our folly,
And made for home across the foam,
Not joyless but less jolly.

O sea of life! amid thy strife
I see proud barques careering,
And where they ride, on every side
The spirit flask appearing.

Some spend their force upon a course
Of brainless recreation,
And ere they dream the glass's gleam
Has wrought its fascination.

And precious hours and priceless powers
Are lost beyond recalling,
While round they spin in quest of gin
'Mid perils most appalling.

O brother mine! wills firm as thine
Too long the vice have cherished,
Shall it be said when thou art dead,—
'Another drunkard perished!'

Great waves of grief have mission brief,
And either work contrition
Or swamp the barque in waters dark
And end in blank perdition!

The Lord is nigh to hear thy cry
When power and purpose languish,
Christ saveth all on Him who call
In real repentant anguish.

'Mid worthless joys and drunken noise
Stout hearts with shame are burning;
Wake, strains sublime! and oars, beat time!
For bows are Homeward turning.

O brother mine! 'tis God's design,
Tho' Hell hath loudly craved thee,
It shall be said ere thou art dead,
That Jesus Christ hath saved thee.

## Tricks of the Trade.

Dr. Wiley, chief of the United States Government Bureau of Chemistry, giving evidence before the Congressional Committee, supported his denunciation of 'whiskey' as one of the biggest impositions of the age by an experiment.

He produced chemical apparatus (says the New York correspondent of the 'Telegraph'), got out a bottle of alcohol, burnt sugar, and some other stuff, and went to work. In five minutes he had a liquor ready which he passed round among the members of the Committee to be tested. They took it and tasted it.

'It isn't whiskey at all,' said Dr. Wiley; 'it's stuff often called whiskey. The greater portion of the so-called fourteen-year-old whiskey is made in less than fourteen minutes by the aid of what is known as "ageing oil."'

'Dr. Wiley,' said Colonel Hepburn, the Chairman of the Committee, 'have you a Government licence to make whiskey?'

'No, sir,' was the retort, 'I don't need it. I didn't make whiskey—as I told you.—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

## Stop the Best Saloons.

Probably you would say, break up all these filthy and low haunts, all these places where the habitually intemperate, the degraded, the wretchedly poor congregate, and let these beverages be sold only in respectable places and to respectable people! But is this really the best plan? On the contrary, it seems quite reasonable to maintain that it is better to sell to the intemperate than the sober, to the degraded than to the respectable, for the same reason that it is better to burn up the old hulk than to set fire to a new and splendid ship. I think it worse to put the first glass to a young man's lips than to crown with madness an old drunkard's life-long alienation—worse to wake the fierce appetite in the depths of a generous and promising nature than to take the carrion of a man, a mere shell of imbecility, and to soak it in a fresh debauch. Therefore, if I were going to say where the licence should be granted in order to show its efficacy, I would say: Take the worst sinks of intemperance in the city, give them the sanction of the law, and let them run to overflowing. But shut up the gilded apartment where youth takes its first draught, and respectability just begins to falter from its level.—Dr. E. H. Chaplin.

## Burdette on the Saloon.

The well-known writer, Robert J. Burdette, at one time called the 'Burlington Hawkeye Man,' has expressed himself many times as opposed to the saloon. Recently a fight against the saloon was made in Pasadena, Cal., where he is now located, and in the course of the discussion the saloon men stated that Burdette favored their side of the controversy. This statement called forth an emphatic denial from Burdette, in his characteristic language, and from that reply, which is too long to print here entire, we take the following extracts:

'About the power of prohibitory laws to prohibit—the laws of the state against murder do not entirely prevent murder. But nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murder to every so many thousand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

'The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high-license system of stealing, providing that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorized thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of, say, 6 a.m. and 11.30 p.m., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done except by stealth; entrance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid theft at any hour on any day of the week.

'And on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said I didn't. And I did say that I did. AND I DO.'

'I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety. Your town is under no obligation to any saloon. All that it is in respectability and permanent prosperity it has grown to be without the assistance of the liquor traffic.

'If the saloon men insist in quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming feature in its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defiles public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty; a blur upon purity; a clog upon progress; a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime.

'Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace.'—Bedford 'Register.'

## The Temperance Samaritan.

A certain man journeying from the cradle to the grave fell among saloon-keepers, who took his money, ruined his name, destroyed his reason, and then turned him into the street. A moderate drinker passed by, looked on him, and said, 'Serve him right, he is a fool to get drunk.' A politician voter, passing, looked on him and said, 'The brute! he is not fit to live; he is a disgrace to his family.' But a 'fanatic'—so-called—seeing him, had compassion, raised him up, assisted him to his home, ministered to his wants, and those of his family, got him to sign the pledge, pointed him to 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world,' and left him in comfort and happiness. Who, think you, was the friend of humanity—the saloon-keper, the moderate drinker, the politician, or the 'fanatic'?—'Irish Temperance Leader and League.'

## What Each One Gets.

An American paper says that from a bushel of corn the distiller gets 4 gallons of whiskey. This sum, with all that it implies, is distributed thus:—

The Government gets—4 dols. 40 cents.
The farmer gets—50 cents.
The railway gets—1 dol. 50 cents.
The publican gets—7 dols. 50 cents.
The customer gets—DRUNK.
The wife gets—Hunger and neglect.
The children get—Poverty and rags.
The people get—INCREASED TAXATION!
—'Temperance Leader.'

It takes society a long time to learn that you cannot have the saloon primary without the jail high school.—'Ram's Horn.'

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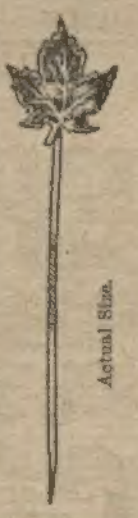

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# HOUSEHOLD.

## Companionship in Marriage.

I believe in the promises of nature; I believe that in every want there is the promise of a possible satisfaction. If we are hungry there is food somewhere, if we are thirsty there is drink. But in the things of the world there is often an indication of order rather than a realization of it; so that in the confusion of accidents the hungry man may be starving in a beleagured city, and the thirsty man parched in the Sahara. All that the wants indicate is, that their satisfaction is possible in nature. Let us believe that for everyone the true mate exists somewhere in the world. She is worth seeking for at any cost of trouble or expense, worth travelling round the globe to find, worth the endurance of labor and pain and privation.

Men suffer all this for objects of far inferior importance; they risk life for the chance of a ribbon, and sacrifice leisure and peace for the smallest increase of social position. What are these vanities in comparison with the priceless benefit, the continual blessing, of having with you always the one person whose presence can deliver you from all the evils of solitude, without imposing the restraints and hypocrisies of society? With her you are free to be as much yourself as when alone; you say what you think and she understands you. Your silence does not offend her; she only thinks their will be time enough to talk together afterwards! You know that you can trust her love, which is as unfailing as a law of nature. The differences of idiosyncrasy that exist between you only add interest to your intercourse by preventing her from becoming a mere echo of yourself. She has her own ways, her own thoughts that are not yours, and yet are all open to you, so that you no longer dwell in one intellect only, but have constant access to a second intellect probably more refined and elegant, richer in what is delicate and beautiful. There you make unexpected discoveries; you find that the first instinctive preference is more than justified by merits that you had not divined. You had hoped and trusted vaguely that there were certain qualities; but as a painter who looks long at a natural scene is constantly discovering new beauties whilst he is painting it, so the long and loving observation of a beautiful human mind reveals a thousand unexpected excellencies.

Then come the trials of life, the sudden calamities, the long and wearing anxieties. Each of these will only reveal more clearly the wonderful endurance, fidelity and fortitude, that is in every noble feminine nature, and so build up on the foundation of your early love an unshakable edifice of esteem and respect and love commingled, for which, in our modern tongue, we have no single term, but what our forefathers called 'worship.'—Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

## City vs. Country.

Really, I think it is too bad—all the pitying we get, just because we happen to be farmers' wives, when not more than half of us need it. I was city born and bred, and always had an idea that a farmers' wife was to be pitied. I supposed they led lonesome lives always drudging, never from home, in short, living somewhat as a convict does, in prison, at hard work for life.

I vowed that never would I marry a farmer, and I didn't, but here I am, living on a farm, My John was born and brought up on a farm, but like most farmers' sons, thought the old farm too 'slow,' so it was in the city we met and were wed. As his salary was not a large one, we had to contrive all sorts of ways to make ends meet. The only house we could get, near his work, was one of five rooms, in a block, at fifteen dollars a month. The rule is, that three feet make a yard, but we didn't have even one foot. Our front door opened on the street, our back door on the alley. Had to carry all our wood and coal up from the basement. When I washed I had to carry my clothes up two flights to the roof, to dry them. All your farmers' wives can imagine how white they were, with the smoke from the chimneys blowing upon them. I felt like crying every time I took them from the line. Here I can spread clothes over two or three sections of land, and how sweet and fresh they smell!

Of course, the city has some advantages, such as the bargain counter, etc., but you see we have no need of those things to tempt our purses. I am more than content since we came to North Dakota and took up our claim, and I wish more young people, now working for a few dollars a week in the city, and liable to be told any Saturday night their services are no longer needed, would strike out for themselves and do likewise. I know their trials. It is a constant worry, work and fret to keep up appearances. Here we let appearances go, and do the best we can with what we have.

My John is a firm believer in Woman's Rights; that is, her right to have good tools to work with. I have a washing machine, wringer, barrel churn, and what so many women lack, a good cook stove, also a sewing machine. I neither milk, chop nor bring in wood, carry water nor empty slops. Those things are all done for me. I look after the chickens in summer, not in winter. As I have only a two-roomed cabin to keep clean. I have plenty of time for reading, doing fancy work, and amusing my three-year old. He helps Mamma by keeping his playthings in order, and always has to do his share of the churning, or be heart broken in consequence.

To crown it all, think of the pure air, such as we never breathe in the city. And it's all free, too, no tax on it, so we poor farmers' wives can use all we need of it. Again, we have plenty of room to stretch, and swing our arms without striking our neighbors. I can sing, or scream, at the top of my voice, and run no risk of being arrested for disturbing the peace. When a meal is ready, I go to the door, and give a regular warwhoop, and feel all the better for the exercise.—'Housekeeper.'


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